

THE
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COLLEGIAN**



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Art

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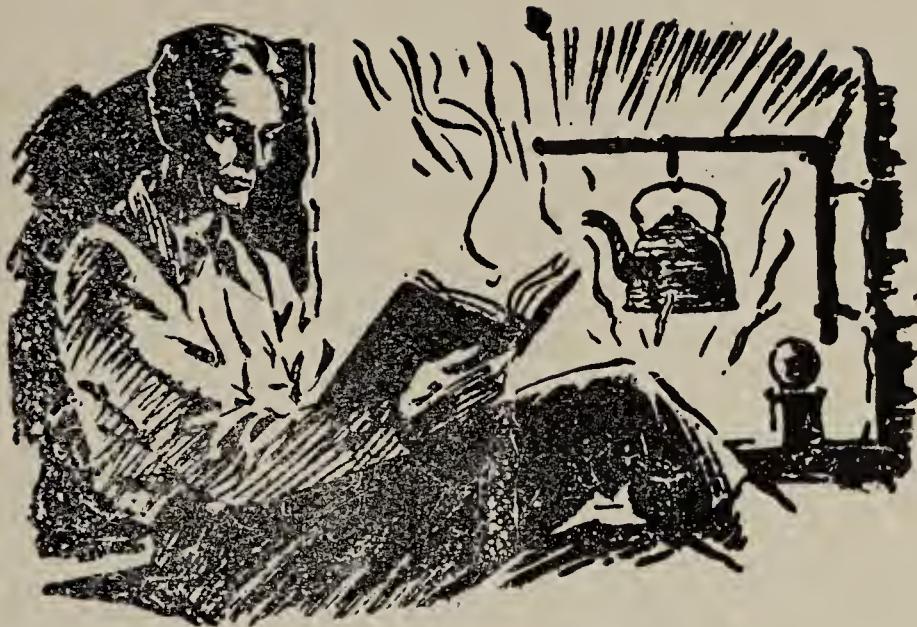


Lincoln

U. A. Reichlin '33

Thou mainstay of the ship of state;
Thou spirit never daunted in the strife
For unity and freedom
Among all states, to make a nation grand.
Thou statesman, president, and emancipator,
Who wouldst promulgate God-sent liberty
With malice toward none, with charity for all:
O Lincoln, thou hast woven the Stars and Stripes
Into one great emblem
That proclaims a grand, united nation.





Lincoln, the Man

James G. Pike '33

BENEFICIAL mental exercises are manifold, but among them there is one of very particular and distinguished merit, and that one is an attentive review of the lives of great men. Even if a person happens to be familiar with the outstanding achievements incident to their careers, there is always this advantage to be obtained from re-examining their biographies, that lives of great men are a continuous reminder to others that chances, occasions, opportunities for worth-while activities are not to be neglected. In this respect, the reading and re-reading of the life of Abraham Lincoln is typical. He was born among the lowly; rose to the level of the ordinary; transcended that level to the plain of the extraordinary where he made himself worthy and capable of receiving and administering the highest office within the gift of his fellow countrymen. It is with sincere grief that these countrymen of his annually acknowledge his greatness in the words of Stanton, "Now he belongs to the ages."

Lincoln, known as the Martyr President, has left "footprints on the sands of time" that have inspired men of every rank of life with higher and nobler ideals. His life and achievements give ample proof that humble birth in the realms of freedom does not necessitate inferiority of rank in the domain of government and politics. There is hardly a man of quality known in the history of any country who encountered more disheartening hardships than Abraham Lincoln experienced. That he would exercise that required degree of self-control which enabled him to adapt himself perfectly to every condition of life into which he came is the secret of his success and the reason that he became a true, noble, and admirable man, generally respected and widely esteemed. It is this respect and esteem that now remain with his memory that make the people of America glad to entitle him "The Second Father of His Country."

February 12, 1809 marks the birthday of this great president, whose figure has been reproduced in stone memorials in later years more often than that of any other president of the United States. Hodgenville, Larue County, Kentucky, the birthplace of Lincoln, could hardly have been thought of "in that famous day and year" as the first step in the march of one of its youthful citizens that was to end in a perfectly grand National Memorial which now decorates Washington, D. C. But there is that other National Memorial located at Lincoln's birthplace which is equally as important as is plain from the words spoken by President Wilson when in his formal acceptance speech he said: "Here Lincoln had his beginning. Here the consummation of the great life seems remote and a bit incredible. And yet

there was no break anywhere between the beginning and the end; no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. Lincoln was unaffectedly as much at home in the White House as he was here."

Profoundly interesting it would be to relate incidents connected with the boyhood days of Lincoln and to trace his ancestry through the pioneer days of Kentucky back to old Virginia. Such a course, however, would lead too far astray from the purpose of this bit of writing. A picture of Lincoln as a young man with ax in hand gives a view of his life at once interesting and fundamental. There is no need to search among the earlier happenings of his life to construct a background for this picture. The ax has always served as a symbol of honest toil; perhaps the prolonged use of the ax as a tool for carving out a living may be fundamental to the building up of a stalwart character. At least in the case of Lincoln it is sure that he spent by far the most of his days in young manhood at work in timber. Can it be that the ring of the ax in the hardness of different kinds of wood instructed him to gauge with accuracy the ring of falsehood or sincerity in human speech? Of course, the ax was not Lincoln's only teacher, but who will deny that the ax as a teacher ought to have a share in the life of every man who desires to qualify as a leader in public affairs, and in particular in the affairs of the government? True, Lincoln might have learned more, if the ax had not taken up so much of his time; as it is, he must be remembered as a man of "wisdom without knowledge;" for his schooling, such as it was in his day, hardly covered more than a year; but he did secure

that knowledge which made up his wisdom by those efforts that have always resulted in producing the perfectly self-made man.

Outside of Kentucky, two other states witnessed much of Lincoln's rough manual labor, namely, Indiana and Illinois. In the first of these states, he encountered the real American Indian, still somewhat hostile to the white man; but there was no ill-feeling between himself and any Indian, for he knew how to deal with people at all times according to the safe rule of common sense. Rather than be provocative, he would be politely inquisitive; trying to gain a bit of knowledge was always his purpose, no matter what its source might be. He would not, however, rest, until knowledge had passed over into practical understanding.

Of course he was snubbed in this procedure. On one occasion he walked a great distance to hear a famous lawyer plead an interesting case in the hope of learning something of that man as to public speaking. Breckenridge, the lawyer, and Lincoln, the farm laborer, met, but the lawyer failed to see the future president of the United States in the farm laborer and treated him accordingly.

Having removed to the state of Illinois, Lincoln found that pioneer life accompanied him. It was while living at a short distance west of the present city of Decatur that he decided to make a boat trip on a commercial enterprise for an employer who singled out Lincoln as the young man to be trusted in this matter. But that trip was not a pleasure jaunt; it was a piece of rough pioneering. At the time appointed, there was no boat at hand. The trip was not to be a short one; it was to cover New Or-

leans and back by way of the Mississippi. But where trees grew, and Lincoln had an ax, the question of getting a boat was soon settled. He got the boat and he made the trip.

The period of time that Lincoln spent in mercantile business and as postmaster is devoid of interesting occurrences outside of the fact that it was at this period of his life that he discovered a stray volume of Blackstone and began the study of law. He now soon found that his mind wanted to have more employment than his hands could ever want. He studied and read literature, political tracts, philosophy, and science. It seems strange that a mind with so little schooling could appreciate the great masters in the field of intellectual endeavor; but Lincoln did not only seek to appreciate, but to understand and that, too, very thoroughly. Taking each step carefully, he made sure of progress. In his case it proved true that "reading maketh a full man."

Gradually Lincoln entered politics as a definite pursuit. He was not always successful in his plans as a politician, but he was never discouraged. He was ridiculed, laughed at, mocked by others in that field who had a better schooling. If only these men would have taken into account Lincoln's common sense and determination, they would have seen at once that the road lay open for him all the way to the White House,—a road which none of his opponents was to travel. Political activities, experiences in the state legislature, debates in the Senate qualified him for the presidency; and once he reached that goal of his ardent hopes, he shone in the eyes of his fellow countrymen as a real man, as a man determined in his purposes, sincere in his promises, and straight forward in his

inaugural addresses, without sham, wind, or bluster.

The people did what plain good sense dictated in his regard, namely, gave him a double election to the presidency. During his first term, he piloted the nation through a most terrible storm of blood and iron. Not that he was personally a man of blood and iron, far from it. He loved peace and above all loved a joke, but he was determined to meet a situation with the only means that would settle it. His second term was cut short by the hand of an assassin, whose deed has caused unending sorrow to be attached to the glorious memory of Abraham Lincoln down to the present day.

February

U. A. Reichlin '33

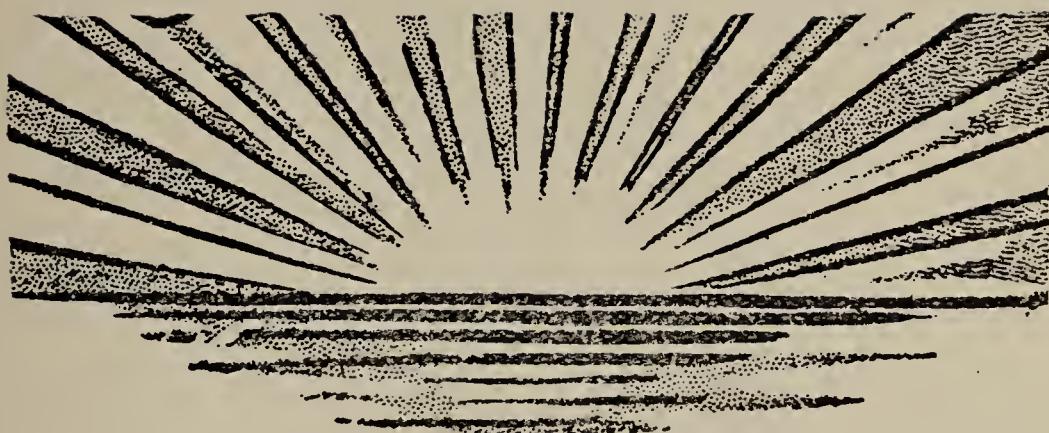
You are the short month of the year
With weather ever dark and drear.

And since you are so very small
We should expect not much at all.

But when it comes to men of fame
There many are whom you can claim.

What other month has greater men?
Who more than Lincoln stand in ken?

In February drop a tear
For Lincoln is by all held dear.



The Setting Sun

N. Sulkowski '34

The burning sun drops slowly from the sky,
A fiery background for the verdant earth.
Across his light the day's last sparrows fly
Unto their nests. Throughout the day the mirth
And joy of man he fostered with his light;
Yet 'tis his fate that he must fall away.
So slowly he descends till out of sight:
We can do naught that burning ball to stay.

But lo! The beauty left behind outweighs
By far the price of death the sun has paid!
On red and blue, on gold and pinks we gaze
With wondering eye,—a picture ne'er to fade.
Thus, too, the poet's life comes to an end;
His works he leaves behind for man, his friend.



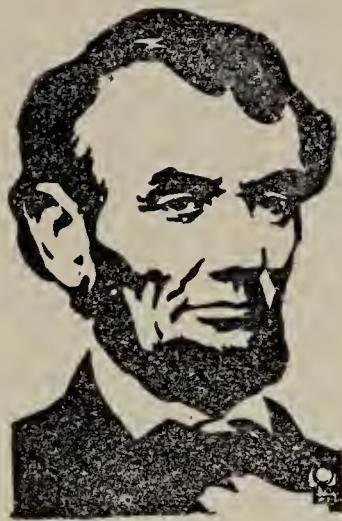
The Soldier

U. J. Wurm '33

The soldier brave who fought with iron will
Now marches through the streets with glory sweet;
And 'mid the blare of trumpets loud and shrill
Goes tramping through the town while war drums
beat.

Deservedly he won a hero's fame
Out in the thunder of the battle field;
In all his trials he had one only aim,
And went through blackest hell his flag to shield.

Not he, my friend, the doughty warrior brave,
Who slays his brother in the battle's strife;
But he who has in conflict far more grave
Won glory in the fiery field of life;
And though his station may be ever small,
He gives to God and country even all.



Thou Hast Conquered

Charles Robbins '33

IT was early on a mid-June evening. Having arrived from Harvard on a vacation, Bob Lincoln was in his room at the White House, trying to get a little rest before entering on the task his father, the President, had outlined for him. The North had sent its noble sons to save the Union, and that meant war. Bob Lincoln, too, would make the sacrifice that patriotism called upon every courageous and fair-minded young man to make. His request to quit school for good had been granted, and honest "Abe," the President, consented to send him on a responsible mission to the South.

The mission in question was one that had been committed to Mr. Douglass, but this gentleman had become white-livered when he contemplated the difficulties and dangers connected with it and, in consequence, refused to carry it out. In brief, it had been the hope of Lincoln that the Union Army would be greatly strengthened by freed negroes, but the southern planters were in collusion to keep the news from spreading among their slaves that the North was fighting to liberate them. This news, Lincoln

insisted upon being divulged far and wide, and since Mr. Douglass feared to proclaim it, Bob Lincoln was now commissioned to inform the blacks that they were welcomed by the North to take up arms in the cause of their own freedom.

Before setting out on his errand, Bob decided that it would be well to take a sound sleep for one good long night, but just as he was hurrying off to bed, a tap at his door upset his plan.

"Come in," he ordered while hastily relacing his shoes.

"Good evening, Bob," said Charles Sumner, the visitor in a sympathetic voice. "You are not busy, are you?"

"Only busy in the effort to get a long sound sleep," replied Bob. "You see, the President has sent me on a mission to the South, and I am to leave shortly."

"Well, it is in connection with this matter that I want to give you a few tips," Sumner went on. "You know that this slavery business is a very delicate affair. Whatever is done in reference to it requires serious consideration and keen foresight. I would have you bear this fact in mind."

"What I would have you bear in mind is that beyond any doubt you will do all you can to turn my father, the President, out of office in November," Bob snapped back rather harshly.

"I?" Sumner asked with affected surprise. "You know very well, Bob," he continued, "that I am a friend of your father, even if I am not in line with some of his policies on slavery. Would you have me resign my personal convictions in a matter that

I consider serious? Cannot one man be a friend of another even if each keeps his own convictions?"

"Quit trying to kick my father out of the White House, Sumner," Bob retorted. "I like you personally, but I don't like your manner of doing things in politics. Often I wish that I could hate you and treat you as you deserve to be treated."

To these somewhat heated words, Sumner did not answer. The Lincoln family had always been dear to him. Frequently he had dined with them and had grown particularly fond of little Tad Lincoln, a lad of ten years. He fully admired "Honest Abe," the father of the family, yet he felt that "Abe," in spite of his honesty, must get out of the presidency. The two could never agree on the way the color line was to be drawn among the people of the United States. Besides Lincoln was accused of squandering national funds; of plunging the country into a useless war, and of being an enemy rather than a friend of the colored man. No, he must not be re-elected. Sumner would not allow it.

Pondering the quite sharply spoken words of Bob, Sumner sat quietly for a long time endeavoring to find a way of escape from the predicament into which he had come. Before he could find words to explain away all misunderstanding, Bob charged again.

"You know, Sumner," said Bob with a gesture of warning, "that you ought to consider it a privilege to be regarded as a friend by my father and his family. Even if there is nothing more than self-made stuff in that family, yet the head of it has come to be the ruler of a one-time great democracy. It is plain to me that your heart is callous to this import-

ant truth; that you are prepared to sacrifice your best and most influential friends for the sake of an ideal, which to my mind appears ill-conceived, and of which you personally are not sure in the least that it has a firm footing in common sense."

"You accuse me, Bob, of substituting an ambition, or an ideal as you call it, for a friendship," Sumner replied.

"Just that," Bob answered. "I would have you remember that ideals often change color and sometimes fade out altogether, but a true friendship lasts when all else is gone. Can you understand as much?"

"Can I understand, you ask?" queried Sumner. "I can show you that I understand. You talk about the relative worth of friendships and ideals. Allow me to assure you that loads of my friendships have gone over the rocky road of ideals that has jolted them into hatred. There was Charles Adams, always a great friend of mine; there was Richard Dana; there were the Ticknors and hosts of others,—all, all gone out of my life because I have had the courage to maintain my stand on the slavery issue, a stand that is likewise in opposition to that taken by your father. Let me assure you that I know the relative worth of friendships and ideals. There was a time in my life when I considered love and friendship as all-enduring, but at my present age, I have gone through the "hell" of human emotions, and I have come out of that purgation with friendships and loves blighted, but with ideals purified and standing alone. Yet, if it is friendship that you value, then permit me as a friend to tell you that it would be better for you to continue your school work than follow out the commission that your father has giv-

en you, or at least ask him, if you will, for some other employment. One thing I would have you remember, however, that in spite of my supreme ideal, I shall always have room for you in my friendship. Good night!"

Having spoken these words, Sumner left Bob Lincoln to get what sleep he might. In the corridor adjoining Bob's rooms, he met young Tad with whom he was indulging a few pleasantries, when of a sudden Mr. Lincoln, the President, himself appeared looking rather grave and worried.

"Good evening, President!" greeted Sumner.

"Good evening, Mr. Sumner," Mr. Lincoln replied. "Tad," he continued, "you will do well to get to bed; but as for you, Mr. Sumner, I have startling news. General Hooker has been defeated in a crushing battle at Chancellorsville. Another defeat, and my chances for re-election in November will be less than nothing."

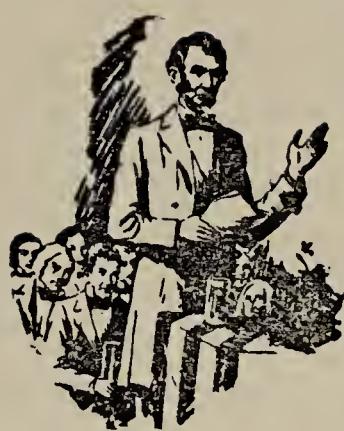
"That may well be so," replied Sumner, "and it might be best if it were so. You know, Mr. Lincoln that you have my friendship, but on the slavery question, you know as well as I, that I am opposed to you."

"If the fate of a great nation rested in your hands, Mr. Sumner, you might think otherwise than you do," continued Mr. Lincoln. "To free the negro in every respect; to have him help in fighting for his freedom is what I want, but to place the negro in his present mental and social condition on an equal footing in every respect with the white man is more than I can tolerate. Besides, there is more to think of than just this, Mr. Sumner. The flag that stands for the country made by George Washington trusts

in me to save it. Here is something for you to think about."

"If that is all you have to say, Mr. Lincoln, I beg leave to go. Good night!" Saying these words Mr. Sumner left the White House. But the reference to the flag and to George Washington as made by Mr. Lincoln would not get out of his mind. Had not Mr. Lincoln stated it as his first and supreme ideal upon entering into the war that the Union must be saved? Was not the abolition of slavery only a secondary ideal, an after thought, that Lincoln used to frustrate the designs of the enemies of America? Would it be patriotic for anyone to place this secondary ideal above the first, the real important one, the saving of the Union? Perhaps in that rugged head, behind that spare face with its honest eyes there were thoughts and ideals far superior to any of those entertained by his opponents.

These thoughts worried Mr. Sumner. Could he himself possibly be wrong? Had he not spoken foolishly to Bob? Had not his attitude towards Mr. Lincoln been churlish rather than manly? Throughout that night he could not sleep. Self-accusation rankled within him. At length the truth dawned upon him clear as the morning daylight. Turning his face from the pillow, he brought out the words with a heavy sigh, "O God, I yield; may the Union be saved; O Lincoln, thou hast conquered!"



Lincoln, The President

Herbert Kenney '33

ON that fourth of March, 1861, when Abraham Lincoln delivered his first inaugural address, public feeling throughout the United States was seething with factional heat. The outgoing President, James Buchanan, had proved to be so indecisive in the tumult of national issues that now hung like a dark and lowering cloud all over the country, that many people openly called him an imbecile, one so dangerously weak that he should have his hands tied. To hear the clear and determined voice of Lincoln ring out in resolves that could not be mistaken could not fail to refreshen and hearten the attitude of the public throughout the land. Everybody saw in the tall, gaunt, shambling figure the solution of the problems that had been for so long a time an insupportable vexation to the nation. In plain words that everybody could understand, that man, the "rail-splitter," standing on the steps of the capitol spoke in full sincerity of mind when he said to his opponents, "You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it." That solemn

oath was administered by Chief Justice Taney, and immediately afterwards, amid great applause, the vigorous old Westerner rode to the White House where James Buchanan wished him success and happiness. Indeed, was this irony?

When Norman William invaded England in 1066, he sought to encourage his followers by being the first to leap out of the boat, but he slipped and fell to the ground. With great presence of mind, however, he saved the day by picking up a clod to symbolize his capture of England, and thus turned a bad omen into a good one. Lincoln had no such good fortune for dispelling the bad omens that came by way of cold bleak weather on the day of his inauguration. Almost from the first day of his presidency onward, he had difficulties to face, and that right in his chosen cabinet. Seward and Chase, probably feeling the "oats" of their learning, and the lack of that article in Lincoln's system, acted the part of self-appointed leaders in the impending crisis. They could never agree on any matters of state policy between themselves, but were always ready to join hands in a showdown against Lincoln. But the keen mind of the old "rail-splitter" knew how to split up this sinister sort of agreement. He quickly pitted one against the other with the result that Seward, who, in the conceit of his learning, delighted in the unofficial title of Premier, soon found himself in a quandary, as Chase could no longer with good grace offer him any assistance in opposing the orders of their chief. But it was no trivial matter to set these men aright, especially so with Seward, who even demanded that the President should resign all his authority into the hands of his cabinet—this meant Sew-

ard himself—and when the President told him that the function of the cabinet was only advisory, even then this Secretary of State would not quiet down.

The first decision of real consequence that Lincoln had to make as President involved the situation at Fort Sumter. To evacuate that fort, as the Confederacy demanded, would have been nothing short of recognizing the South as an independent nation; to provision the fort with food and military equipment could do nothing less than precipitate war. He did what prudence dictated by announcing that he would provision the fort with food, but not with arms and ammunition. But prudence has no show in the face of hot-headedness. The South trained its cannons on Fort Sumter; the war began. It is curious to note how either side wished to avoid being the first to spill human blood. A mob at Baltimore broke this deadlock by attacking an army of Northern soldiers on its way to Washington. Not only was blood spilt in this fray, but the work of destruction began; railroads were torn up, and telegraph lines cut. For almost a week, Washington was lost to the outside world. But the soldiers overcame all obstacles, and in good time the advance guard of this Northern army entered the capital. Lincoln could now sleep soundly of nights; he had an army at his back. But the presence of the army did not dispell the omens of ill; these persisted and really grew darker.

An unending source of worry for Lincoln was the finding of the right generals to prosecute the campaign. Some were too cautious and timid as was McClellan; others would not co-operate with their fellows in rank. As opposed to these, the descendants of the old cavalier stock of the South knew nothing

of caution and timidity or of lack of cooperation. They had to be countered by a man of their own mind, and at length Lincoln found that man in General Grant. Probably Sherman had not as yet announced his doctrine that war is hell, but Grant knew as much himself. He was not in the least scrupulous about bloodletting; his ferocious Wilderness Campaign of which Richmond was the objective gives ample proof of this disposition, and so does his bulldog determination as expressed in a dispatch to the President, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." It actually took all summer, winter, and a part of spring, but Richmond fell.

The attitude assumed by European powers towards the war brought its tale of troubles for Lincoln. He had declared a blockade of all Southern ports, but would European powers recognize the blockade? This question gave Lincoln much anxiety. England and France had openly recognized the South as a belligerent nation, naturally they would not feel inclined to respect the blockade, and England plainly did not respect it. How to "catch these nations on the hip" was a serious puzzle. It gradually leaked out that European powers, and among them even Russia were loath to recognize the South as a separate nation because by doing so they had to put their stamp of approval on slavery. Lincoln made immediate use of the information that came to him in this relation and shifted the status of the war from the preservation of the Union to the abolition of slavery. A shrewd move this was, for it put such nations as recognized the South into a bad way. The Emancipation Proclamation did much to ease

Lincoln's worries over foreign affairs. But even yet the omens of evil were not all dispelled.

In the winter of 1865, a commission from the Southern President, Jefferson Davis, sought a discussion of terms of peace with the North. Lincoln instructed Seward to attend the interview, but did not propose to go personally. Upon the insistence of General Grant, he, however, consented to go. At Fortress Monroe, in the cabin of a small steamer, he and Seward met the Southern emissaries. Lincoln was in high spirits. If only he could have his joke, all would be well. The occasion was given him. One of the Southerners, Mr. Stevens, was wearing a great number of overcoats. Very deliberately he took them off one by one. Observing the boyish-looking little man, Lincoln turned to Seward and blandly said, "Seward, that is the largest shucking for so small a nubbin that I ever saw." Very soon the Southern emissaries pressed their point with much argument to show that the South ought to be recognized by the North as a separate nation. They brought forward the instance that Charles the First of England had done so in his fight with the Parliamentarians. Lincoln shrewdly answered: "When it comes to matters of history, I must turn you over to my companion, Mr. Seward; all that I know of Charles the First of England is that he lost his head." Further information on this point was not necessary. The old "rail-splitter" drove the wedge home with such a blow that a second swing was not required. The Southerners learned clearly on what terms they might have peace, and that ended the interview.

That Lincoln was merely a facile joker who looked at even serious matters in a spirit of levity finds

no justification on any score in his life. In all his dealings, he showed that mental balance which belongs to a real man. Probably it is correct to say that the man who cannot see a joke, cannot see the serious side of life either. No one who has read Lincoln's "Inaugural Addresses" and his "Gettysburg Address," can say that the great "War President" could not rise to the heights of the most sublime seriousness. His other writings, voluminous in quantity, bear witness to the same fact. That he was able to keep up good humor in the midst of unending labor and unceasing difficulties displays him before the eyes of the world as a man of admirable courage and excellent sense. His was not the only trouble arising out of the war, but the trouble and labor of the regular run of governmental routine were also his. It is regrettable that over a life so glorious and manly, the omens of evil continuously spread their dark wings, until it closed in the horrors of a national tragedy. Had he been allowed to live longer, America might well have been spared the ever-vexing problems of racial differences. But tributes of the highest kind are due to him for what he achieved, and among the tributes that belong to him there is to be found that one, full of the utmost sincerity as given by Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy, who in later life said: "Next to the destruction of the Confederacy, the death of Abraham Lincoln was the darkest day the South has known." Now it may be said that "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."



Thoughts

A. Horrigan '34

The sea extends for many miles from shore,
 Beyond by far where human eyes can peer.
There often gales attack with savage roar
 This dread expanse. Huge waves toward heaven
 rear;
With foaming spray and tossing manes they seem
 Like steeds of wind and storm that bridles strain
Which curb their mad desires. They plunge and
 scream,
But distant shores, I know, they never gain.

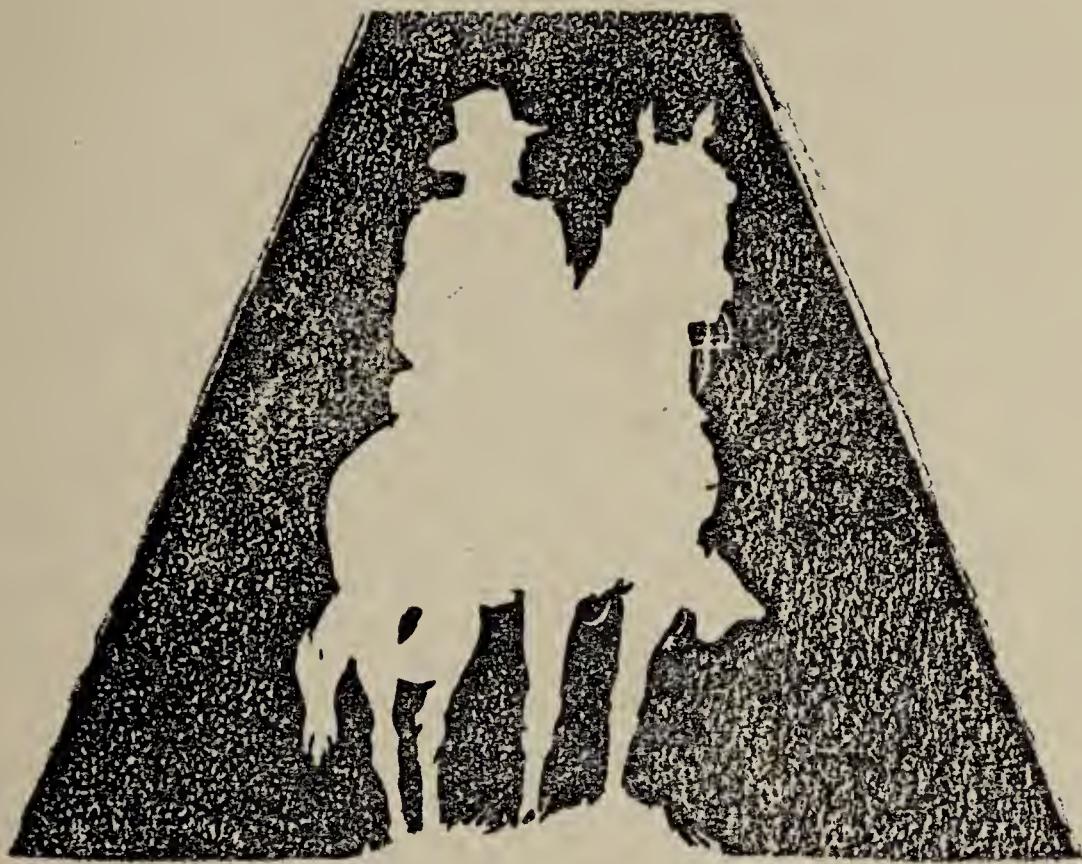
In hearts of men great thoughts like waves are born
 In storm of love and pain, and though they run
In surging might from dark night until morn,
 And stir the soul's great deeps till set of sun:
The greatest waves the shore will never reach,
 And greatest thoughts will never enter speech.

He is a Hero

J. Pike '33

Men in fleeting years are seeking
That which they so rarely find,
Though they pause to wakeup memories
Searching hearts of every kind
Yet, their spirits through the ages,
When they all have passed away,
Soaring high in praise and glory
Which they earned in life's hard fray:
They are heroes.

So it is with Abraham Lincoln,
Honored, loved with reverence due,
Who was faithful to his country
And to principles he knew.
Thus it shall be, now and ever:
Men will always read his name,
Loved and honored, now and always,
In the envied book of fame:
He is a hero.



Three Hearts

Michael J. Vichuras '33

CONCEALED behind one of the hills that overlooks the W. A. & Southern Railroad which enters Atlanta, a Confederate army was awaiting the arrival of General Sherman and his devastating army. Momentarily these marauding enemies in the South were expected to surge over the crest of the hill that stretched away into a long narrow comb of earth, difficult to climb, but offering no impassable barrier to a marching army. Minutes seemed like hours painfully ominous to the Southern men, since all of them knew it for certain that few, if any of them, would escape with their lives from the impending encounter. Orders had been given to oppose Sherman at all costs and prevent him from capturing Atlanta; an undertaking that probably meant nothing short

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of death for the little band of men who were to carry out these orders. Minutes like these belong to the supremely terrifying incidents of human life, and while they were slowly slipping by, they give occasion to recall very intensively every pleasant memory of the past, and in particular the doubtful fate of the near and dear ones who likely will weep and wait in vain for the return of those whom they love.

In the van of the tiny Southern army, seated on scrawny horses, were Captains Clem and Tom Howard. As was the case with their fellow soldiers, so it was with them; they were thinking of the happy past, but unlike the others in their company, these two were thinking of the same things. They had enjoyed a cheerful tryst just a few years ago with one of the sprightly young belles of New Orleans, and her decision as announced at that time, was to be determined by the greater reward for merit in bravery that either of the two would win at the close of the war. The whole matter had come to an issue on one fair evening that with its bright southern skies at sundown, enhanced by the perfume of magnolia blossoms, by the merry laughter of children and the joyous greetings of the people as they met on the streets, disposed everybody to develop a mood of care-free gaiety and comfortable relaxation.

It was on such an evening as that when the tinkling of guitars was echoing through the winding streets of the Franco-Spanish town, that a picturesque scene was enacted at the home of Shirley Morton. She was leaning over the balustrade of the portico before her home, and a young man, later to be Captain Clem Howard, was standing on the ground and facing her while he was strumming his guitar to the tune of a plaintive love song. Upon this

peaceful scene, unexpectedly burst another youth who rudely intruded with words and laughter upon the merriment of Clem and Shirley.

"Say, Shirley," he shouted, "it's all settled. I have enlisted in the army, of course, in our army—the army of the South, you understand. I am leaving, together with other soldiers, as soon as a sufficient number of volunteers has reported to form a company. Aren't you going to join us, Clem?"

"No, I don't think I shall; at least not for a while," replied Clem. "You see, I intend to marry Shirley, and that for the plain reason that I desire to enter the army as a husband rather than as a bachelor, who, if he should fall in battle, would pass out of memory unmissed and unmourned. Isn't that so, Shirley?" These words were spoken with so much presumption that for the moment they startled Shirley. Her only answer to this question was a shrug of her shoulder.

That both Tom and Clem were suing for her hand was no secret to Shirley, but as yet it was a draw as to which would likely succeed in his suit. The plain statement that Clem had made concerning marriage had no further meaning than an expression of hope that Shirley would very soon be his wife. In no way did it put Tom at a disadvantage, for it was clearly known to him that, on more occasions than one, the charming belle had given him decided preference over Clem, who was fashionable enough, somewhat of a flirt, but hardly romantic, while he himself was discreet in questions and answers, though cheerfully boisterous in conduct when circumstances allowed. With much self-assurance, Tom now urged his suit. He would not be insistent or presumptuous

but, putting on the airs of a southern gentleman, said very blandly:

“Shirley, by your leave, this time I shall be a trifle serious. I am to leave for the fighting front quite soon. Do you think there is any chance of giving me the satisfaction of knowing that you will be my wife? I am not so hard as Clem in placing my question. He evidently does not plan to give you any time to consider the matter, but all I wish to ask is that you will become engaged to me before I leave; so that when I return—if I ever do return—we shall marry. How about it, dear?”

Shirley remained silent. She rose from the balustrade on which she had been leaning, plucked a rose from a trailing stalk near at hand, and, in a thoughtful mood began to pluck at the petals. Clem again twanged his guitar, while Tom was shaping his hat in the style of a Confederate soldier’s head-gear. It was up to Shirley to speak, but the words would not come to her mind. She stood on the portico, fumbled with the rose, all the while thoroughly embarrassed at being cornered by the questions put to her. Gradually she decided to give an answer.

“Boys,” she said, “I shall arrange for further questioning on this matter. Right now, I don’t feel that I should be satisfied in giving a definite answer to either of you. The fact is, I don’t know what to say.”

“That’s easy,” Tom ventured. “Pull the petals from the rose; if they end in an even number, you will be mine; if in an odd number you will belong to Clem.”

At this proposal, Clem ceased playing his guitar. “No,” he interposed, “in my opinion that means put-

ting serious matters up to mere chance; or rather it is nothing better than casting lots for a lady's hand and that, too, in a beggarly fashion. Let's see who will win in a more manly and chivalrous manner."

"That is just the thing," Shirley answered excitedly. "I shall marry the one who will receive the higher rank or the higher merit, or whatever else is the higher in his military career. Upon your return --and I feel that you both will return--the decision will be made."

"You show a heart as hard as stone, Shirley, in placing such conditions," Tom replied, "but they are worthy to be faced by any southern gentleman. Yours for glory, dear, good-bye!"

The memories of this pleasant evening were haunting the minds of Tom and Clem as they were now waiting for the approach of General Sherman and his destructive army. Clem had not delayed to enlist as a volunteer, and both he and Tom had rapidly risen to the rank of captain. At first they had been accorded to different companies, but chance threw these companies together in the effort to block General Sherman. The two captains, however, could not agree on anything. In the eyes of all who observed them, it was plain that there was rivalry between them; but nobody could even remotely surmise the reason.

Suddenly the blue uniforms of the Northern raiders became visible above the ridge. Houses went up in flames before them; railroads were torn up, and crops were destroyed. The Southern companies grew tense awaiting the bugle call to charge. The two captains entered upon a hurried consultation, but it appeared more as if they were quarreling than con-

sulting. The thought that neither of them would come out of the impending fray alive must have entered their minds, yet they did not hesitate to show open disdain for each other.

The loud, piercing notes of the bugle presently gave the signal for action. There was no longer any chance for hesitation on the part of anyone and no chance to turn back, though there was not a soldier in the Southern companies who did not realize the inevitable outcome of this encounter. Like Napoleon's men at their last charge, the Southerners dashed up the hill sending before themselves a shower of musket balls. Plainly, the Northern men were taken unawares. Their vanguard was mowed down, but a second detachment took their place. The gray soldiers were now seen to fall like grass before the scythe. A few sought safety in flight. One of these was Captain Tom, who halted for a moment on hearing someone call him by name. There lay Captain Clem Howard, his brother, in a pool of blood.

"Tom," gasped Clem, "they got me. Take care of Shirley."

"Ah, you will not die, Clem," said Tom; but just then another volley of shot stretched him prostrate over the body of his dying brother.

Later news of this engagement reached New Orleans where love songs and the twang of guitars had long since been hushed, and where the shuffle of the loom was the most familiar sound that people might hear. It had come to be customary for the inhabitants of this town to visit the French market at the time of the evening Angelus and scan the bill board that exhibited announcements of importance. Among the crowd gathering at that place one evening was

Shirley. With eager eyes she scanned the list of military promotions only to find her gaze rest on a few lines given in large capitals:

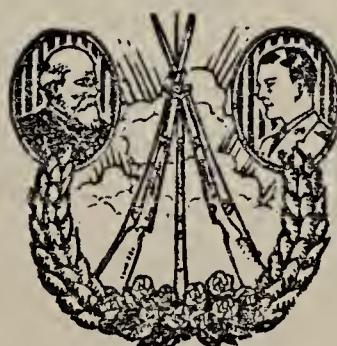
KILLED IN ACTION BEFORE ATLANTA IN A
CHARGE AGAINST SHERMAN:

Captain Clement Howard;

Captain Thomas Howard.

Shirley felt the ground recede from beneath her feet. She looked again and again. What made her feel so weak? Was it those names? The names were correct. She had received news that was utterly painful.

The bent figure of a mere girl was seen on that evening to make its way over the dim roadways, a sad victim of the same plight that was the dismal fate of many another southern lass in the course of the terrible Civil War.



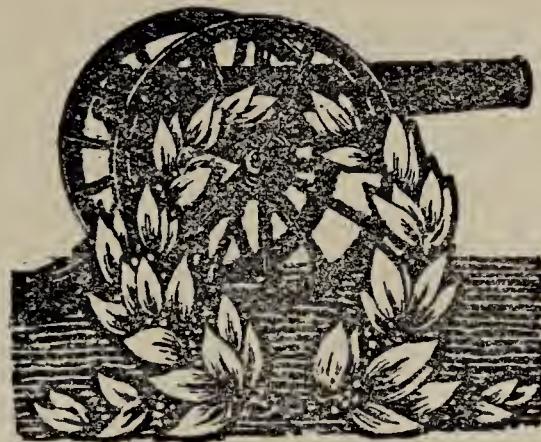


Lincoln, Our Captain

R. Dery '33

As Moses brought the Israelites of old
From Egypt's bondage, ruthless, fierce, and hard,
And led the chosen people, as is told,
Right through a sea whose waters God unbarred;
So Lincoln, too, with help from Providence,
His people saved from rupture's fatal throes,
And bound them all to form a strong defense
When he had led them through a sea of woes.

What honor, praise, and love did Moses gain
Because he freed his people greatly pressed!
What glory then for Lincoln shall remain,
For he our country saved in times distressed!
Like Isra'lites, our thanks to God we sing:
Our land with Lincoln blessed in praise shall ring.



At Ford's Theatre

Kenneth Hurlow '33

AT the opening performance of "Our American Cousin," a capacity crowd had gathered at Ford's theatre in Washington, D. C. on April 14, 1865. The play was popularly regarded as the latest and best comedy hit the country. But it was not only the play that attracted crowds to Ford's that evening; for a previous announcement, no doubt used as an advertisement, had made it known that President Lincoln expected to be present at the performance. He came accordingly, and put in his appearance in the flag-draped box just when the band had finished its introductory selection. With full blast the band started over again, but this time the selection was "Hail to the Chief." Scrambling to its feet, the crowd hurried to bow in respectful compliment to its "father" and leader, who smiled upon all present with affectionate approval.

Knowing Mr. Lincoln's preference for comedy, Mrs. Lincoln had made the arrangements for the theatre party on that evening and felt happy at being able to secure General and Mrs. Grant to be guests of honor to the President. The Grants, however, had promised to be present only conditionally, as they

had made preparations to leave for New Jersey on that same evening. Finding that this journey could not be postponed, they informed Mrs. Lincoln accordingly. Major Rathbone and his young fiancee, Miss Clara Harris, were then induced to join the presidential party. Was it a premonition of danger, or was it disappointment because Mr. Grant could not come with him, or was he merely tired? At all events, Mr. Lincoln was disinclined to attend the show at the time set. But Mrs. Lincoln had her way about the matter. She maintained that the President should join with the people in celebrating the fall of Richmond.

Peace and public security prevailed. They were the result of General Lee's surrender and the dispersal of his army. Everybody felt happy, and to see the second "Father of his Country" could only add to the happiness in which everybody rejoiced. With thundering applause, the audience at Ford's cheered the great Emancipator. No one in that crowd suspected that there was a current of virulent hatred gushing along in its course under cover of envy. Some of the leaders in the "lost cause," passionate secessionists, were there. They hoped for a chance to do away with the tyrant. A conspiracy had already been set on foot; it required only a hand sufficiently crazed to carry out its design.

That hand showed itself in the person of a mere youth in years. He had been chosen by those who were expert in hating Lincoln, because he had fire in his blood that could carry him to extreme deeds and had the advantage to conceal this fire under polished manners and a handsome olive complexion. John Wilkes Booth could have no personal grievance

against the President, but he had become the victim of an odd impression, and the impression added ready fuel to the fire that was smoldering in him. Briefly, the impression was that Mr. Lincoln, an inhuman tyrant, had to be shunted from the scene of life by means foul or fair for the good of the country.

Booth had been apprized that Mr. Lincoln would attend the performance at Ford's that evening. It gave him the opportunity for which he had hoped and planned. On the morning of that fateful 14th of April, he visited the theatre in order to acquaint himself thoroughly with all the re-arrangements that the stage manager and the theatre carpenter might make. He even took a hand in some of these affairs, and succeeded in making his word count because he was known to be an actor. On some pretense or other, he induced the carpenter to furnish the door that led from the auditorium to the corridor behind the President's box with a strong wooden bar so that when put in place, nobody could reach the box from the audience. To ensure further safety for his designs, he removed the catch-lock from the door that opened on that corridor from the President's box. The removal of this lock obviated all chance for accidental noise.

When these simple arrangements had been completed, Booth stalked off to a neighboring livery stable chartered a speedy horse, and in due time rode off for a mere jaunt, only to return early on that evening and leave the horse at the rear stage door in charge of a small boy. Later it was recalled that all his actions had been characterized by nervousness on that day and evening; but in spite of this peculiarity, no suspicion was attached to him. He was laying his plans for the most foul deed in American history

in open daylight and under the open eyes of people who should have been on guard against accident, and he succeeded without interruption.

Mr. Lincoln arrived at Ford's on that evening at nine o'clock. The conspirators, excepting Booth, were there to welcome him. Of course, they would have been glad to do away with him at once in place of joining in with those who applauded him, but that would have meant a scene of wildest confusion; they had better and more secure plans. Besides the time had been definitely set when the deed of vilest murder was to be carried out. Any change from schedule might well have upset everything. Every ten minutes the solemn hour, ten-ten, was called out among the conspirators who kept to their places at the entrance of the theatre. At the last call of ten-ten, Booth appeared. His conspiring sentinels now took hurried leave.

Booth, his nerves steadied by alcoholic liquor, quietly surveyed the situation. When he felt sure that all present were deeply interested in the play, he made his way to the door which opened upon the corridor that led to the President's box. At the door, he encountered the guard whom he deceived by a card purporting that the President had called for him. After entering the corridor, he barred the door securely with the brace that had been placed there at his own request on the morning of that day. Armed with pistol and dagger, he stealthily entered the President's box. At the moment Mr. Lincoln was absorbed in the performance as staged by Mr. Henry Hawk, who, as chief actor, was just then delivering one of his delightful gags. Booth saw that no one in the box took notice of him. As if he were to de-

AT FORD'S THEATRE

liver a message to the President, he walked over to Mr. Lincoln, drew the pistol and shot him behind the left ear. The shot was so effective that Mr. Lincoln did not utter even a groan. His head slumped forward; his eyes closed, and his hands dropped at his sides. It was then that Major Rathbone at first realized the situation. He grappled with Booth, but Booth gave him a severe dagger thrust that completely disabled him. Leaping to the stage, Booth fractured a bone in his leg, but he did not heed the pain. Flourishing the bloody dagger and dramatically hurling it to the floor, he shouted "Sic semper tyrannis!" Quickly he made off on his horse and sought safety in flight, but he was pursued and captured on the following day.

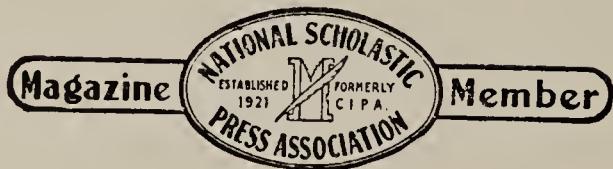
After the fatal shot, the President lived but nine hours longer, in a state of unconsciousness. The joy of the country was turned to deepest sorrow, a sorrow of which the premonition could have been read in the cloud that overhung the President's box at Ford's on that evening, if only the cloud had been visible. It was a cloud of ill-fate for all who were present in that box. The central figure was carried off suddenly; a painful sorrow that led to madness was the sad lot of the stricken widow, Mrs. Lincoln; while later on, one of the lovers was to slay the other and live out his closing days in a cell as a raving maniac.

The St. Joseph's Collegian

February 12, 1933



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Editorials

MORE ACTION

THE most representative student at a school is the one who, before entering upon a serious and decisive engagement like a football game or a stiff examination, will let others know, if he happens to be asked, just how he will set his hand to the task. If, however, he is anything but representative, something that is only too often the case, he will proceed to mislead others by idle promises and meaningless talk, much as do politicians who at election time unhesitatingly promise to shake a millennium out of their sleeve when they, in fact, have nothing up their sleeve but a red bandanna.

Immediately after an examination like the semi-annual, which has fortunately passed into the shadows of memory, it is not at all unusual to hear students by the score protesting earnestly that never again will they defer studies until the cramming hours arrive. But when the grading has been done, and when the instructor has delivered his reproof, then the history of student life repeats itself, and that, too, in the case of many who ought to know better. If examinations were merely a farce or a joke, a person might laugh at this attitude, but there is too much at stake to permit an attitude of this kind to hold place in the life of any student.

Quickly the time for graduation arrives. Will the student be graduated with honors, or will he go without any distinction. He can give an answer in regard to himself pertinent to this matter right now by the attitude he chooses to take towards his studies. Will he do as Horace says, "Carpe Diem?" or will he interpret this phrase to mean "Tempus terrere?" If he will follow the latter ideal, he may as well realize right now that he is preparing himself for the proverbial "discard" into which useless things always find their way.

M. J. V.

SUCCESS

TO many the death of Mr. Calvin Coolidge came as a distinct shock, for of all ex-presidents, he was supposed to be the most healthy, having left the arduous office of president in robust physical condition. Yet, it may be that in his case there is another proof that responsibility exacts its toll. For to Mr. Coolidge, the nation and its spirit were always infinitely more important than himself or his opinions. During his tenure of office his economy was often ridiculed. People simply did not like to be reminded by the conduct and words of their chief executive that waste and thrift will not be at home together. At this hour of painful depression, they may well repent of the ridicule that often made the rounds at what was called the Coolidge economy.

As Americans, we should be interested in the qualities that of old were characteristic of the nation to which we belong, qualities like thrift, bold, but careful venture, and confidence. Coolidge exemplified these qualities in his own life. He knew the meaning

of "nothing tried, nothing gained;" and he knew what he said in the words, "I do not choose to run". Beyond any doubt, he knew what the results of public waste of funds would mean when he said to officials, "Don't sell out the government." And as to confidence, if a man thinks or knows he can, then half the battle is won. There may be no monument indicative of public waste to commemorate his name, but there is for this purpose the monument of economy and good times. To him America pays tribute, not only because he held the high office of president, but also, and above all, for the thoroughly American qualities he possessed and sought to put into practice.

H. P. K.

To Lincoln

S. Manoski '33

Abe is his familiar name:
Born was he the child of fame.
Rambling through our many states
Answering Douglas in debates.
Hard was toil that made him great
Always ready for the fate,
Making him a man in truth,

Loyal model for our youth,
In courage far above most men;
Nearly lost, he tries again.
Ceasing never to do well,
Only age his praise can tell.
Lincoln! To him tribute pay;
None so great in his great day.



Exchanges

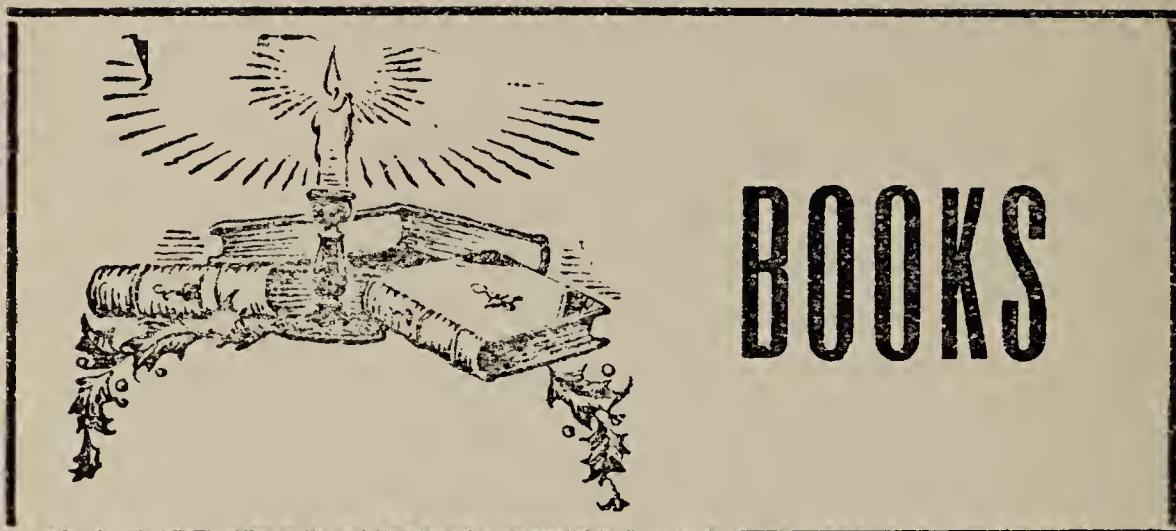
The CLEPSYDRA that delightful quarterly from Mundelein College, Chicago, is a magazine as unique as its name. The journal contains eighty-five pages of real, substantial, and pleasant reading matter. Poetry, the essay, and the story are all handled with much skill; the serious essay being well represented. The first number in this magazine, "A Pagan Philosopher and Bethlehem's Star", which throws a new light on the historical figure of Socrates, because of its interesting wealth of material, is a task seldom undertaken by college students in general, and much less to be expected from students at a girl's college. As for the poetry, we find that, although the sentiment in most of it is not striking, yet the melody and the rhythm lilting through it are pleasing, and this is especially so in the "Song of the House". The journal throughout is a publication of the first class and should satisfy the most critical taste.

The Christmas issue of the GOTHIC, the literary medium of the seminarians of Sacred Heart Seminary in Detroit, suggests by its artistic cover that it has something interesting to give on its pages. In the hope that its appearance arouses, no one will be disappointed. The good taste displayed in selecting the cover runs through the work of the contributors. Mr. A. J. Phillips is evidently a versatile writer. His

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poems read well, and so do his clever anecdotes and critical book reviews. "A Milestone," contributed by Mr. Joseph Kress, has its paragraphs sunk deep in pithy and quite hard-brained philosophy. Whatever the GOTHIC brings has in it the idea as suggested by its name, namely, soaring high.

THE FLAMBEAU from Marquette High School has put on a thoroughly professional appearance. Its double columns of print, its illustrations, and its excellent paper guarantee that care will be taken in its literary output. "Madonna's Lullaby" is only too brief to allow its expression of real beauty to linger as long as any reader might choose to enjoy it. It is a poem that gives promise of more treats to come from its writer. Similar ideas may well be expressed in regard to the other contributions, whether these be given in poetry or prose. The various columns show that the same pains are taken to keep them up to a good standard of diction as is evident in the literary section. The dedication of this particular issue to Marquette's alumni athletes is appropriate and thoughtful. THE FLAMBEAU has always been a pleasing visitor to our sanctum, and we are glad to see it push right through the dispiriting hard times without diminishing its size and quality.



BOOKS

TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING

By Lewis E. Lawes

Perhaps of all our institutions relating to crime, with the possible exception of Scotland Yard, Sing Sing is the most prominent. And Lewis E. Lawes, warden for more than twelve years, has in this modern book appearing on our shelves given us a realistic picture of that great penal institution. More than any other warden, Mr. Lawes has tried to make prison life more human. Society too often forgets that the prisoner is human and the penologists, scientists, and the advocates of strict justice demand that the prisoner should be subjected to "hard labor." Mr. Lawes, however, has taken his own course, and from the book we note that he was successful. Sing Sing may be considered a small municipality in itself with its workshops of all kinds, the excellent office personnel and the Mutual Welfare Conference.

The book, while yet somewhat autobiographical, deals mostly with the heart-thrilling episodes of prison life. Mr. Lawes' vivid descriptions of the electrocutions make one's hair stand on end as if he had actually been there. Pathos, humor, tragedy, adventure, crime—all the elements of human interest are

portrayed in the many hundreds of incidents and experiences in the lives of the numerous men and women with whom the warden has come in contact. About these, Mr. Lawes writes in a simple modern American style. The book may, however, be considered a little one-sided, for it is too much from the warden's point of view.

This book should appeal not only to the students of penology, but also to the man of society and the lover of adventure, for it is a study of one of America's greatest problems—crime and its cure.

J. L. A.

MUSH YOU MALMUTES

By Fr. Hubbard, S. J.

THREE is beauty, charm, and romance in tales of the frozen North. The vast ice fields, the glowing Northern Lights, the mysterious forests possess an undeniable fascination for even the most apathetic. Perhaps that is why a well written book of Arctic adventure generally meets with wide-spread acclaim. That such a book has but lately been presented to the literary world under the title of "Mush You Malmutes" there is little doubt. The author is Fr. Hubbard S. J. the far famed "Glacier Priest."

A number of stories which were all published originally in "The Saturday Evening Post" have been collected by the author and, with an extraordinary amount of striking illustrations, presented in book form. The stories are accounts of Fr. Hubbard's adventures encountered in his scientific and missionary labors in Alaska; tales of danger, of brave deeds, of strong men, and faithful dogs. Alaska's volcanoes,

rivers, animals, forests, and snow covered trails are pictured by a man who has seen and loved them. It is especially the fur covered heroes of the North, the Eskimo dogs, the Malemutes, he has lovingly drawn. There is an enthusiasm, a realism, an affectionate touch to his descriptions of his canine friends (for friends he considers them, that lifts them out of the mass of brute creation into the very realm of rationalism. The thrilling conviction of his dogs reminds the reader of no one more than the master himself, Albert P. Terhune.

But the author has unconsciously presented an even more vivid portrait than that of the dogs, namely, that of himself. As one reads, the personality of a man slowly emerges from the pages; of a man who has seen a vision and followed it, who has encountered danger, laughed at it and overcome it, who has hard, deep lines in his face and the far away look in his eyes that men who have met life more than half way acquire. Yet the throbbing note of sincerity that runs throughout proclaims him to be always first the priest and missionary and secondly the scientist and adventurer.

There is nothing delicate or exquisite in the style in which Fr. Hubbard has told his stories. But there is a strength, power, and gripping sincerity that is undeniable; and above all, in the poetic grandeur of occasional passages there is manifested the soul of an artist who in the still reaches of the Northland has heard voices in the silence, a fragment of whose message he has managed to trap in the cold print of a book.

A. H.



CLUBS

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

In the first meeting of the local Mission Unit for the New Year, matters of vital importance at once commanded attention. Foremost among these was the preparation for the mission festival. It was recalled what a success this festival had been under the able management of Joseph Otte and his alert assistants when the celebration was held last year. The task just now confronting the D. M. U. is to select a personnel fully able to carry on the work that was begun by the graduating class of 1932.

With a striking talk on "Catholic Action and the Home," Stanislaus Manoski opened the program. Of particular interest in his speech was the appeal he made to all present to do their part in introducing the ideals of Catholic family life into their respective homes.

The other speakers of the evening were Edward Maziarz who spoke on "Rural Catholic Action", Alvin Burns, who ably interpreted "Our Parents", and Raymond Huettner, who confined himself to "Religious Training in the Home."

But that was not all of what took place at the meeting. Rudolph Bierberg rendered a piano solo, "The Coquette," with dash and precision. Between speeches, Bernard Schmitt played two violin solos,

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“Bolero”, and “Hungarian Dance No. 5” by Brahms. In these selections he was accompanied by George Hess.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

“Who is going to be our new president?” was the question foremost in the minds of ninety-seven C. L. S. members, as they gathered in the auditorium for the last meeting of the first semester. After the usual formalities and speeches had been endured by all present, the election began with the result that Leonard Fullenkamp was chosen president, having been given a close run by Aloys Selhorst. The office of vice-president was entrusted to James Pike. Edward Fischer was elected to the position of trying to keep the minutes of the meeting in reading order, and to Stan Manoski everyone gladly assigned the position of keeper of the finances, the office of treasurer. One of the most responsible positions, if not the most trying, is the lot of Charles Robbins, who will be the critic of the C. L. S. for the coming term. The new members of the executive committee are Joseph Lenk, Valerian Volin, and Anthony Traser. William Conces is known to be the marshal.

NEWMAN CLUB

The Newman Club, following their traditional custom, have already elected their new officers, who promise to rival the accomplishments of their predecessors. Alvin Burns has the honor of wielding the gavel, with August Wolf as his right-hand man.

The big job of secretary was given to diminutive Urban Kuhn, while the treasurer's position was entrusted to Eugene Beeler. To Donald Fooehy was presented the honor of lauding the accomplishments and criticizing the defects of the Newmanites who will appear either on public or private programs. Vetter Biven, Hugh Hasson, and Harold Roth comprise the executive committee. The duties of the marshal were placed upon the shoulders of Vincent Shafer. Having selected the officers, the Newmanites confidently look forward to ever increasing success in their work.

THE CHOIR

Ever since the absence of Fr. Lucks, which occurred last fall, until after the Christmas holidays the choir has been composed of the old members of last year's group. But since his arrival many new voices are responding to his baton. From all recent appearances it is evident that much is to be expected from this organization, due especially to their zeal and ability to sing. Fr. Lucks as yet has not practised any new masses since it is necessary for the newcomers to get acquainted with the standard repertoire.



In 1927, the Catholic Church had reason to regret the loss of one of her most successful missionaries in the death of the Rev. Daniel McShane. His heroic sacrifices will ever meet with praise and veneration on the part of those who love the things of God. These sacrifices are becoming better known and are receiving merited recognition now that time separates us further and further from his death in the Foreign Missions of China. The latest tributes to his valiant missionary endeavors in the cause of Christ are: "My Brother—The Maryknoll Missionary," written by his own brother, the Rev. John F. McShane, and "Father McShane of Maryknoll," by the Rev. James E. Walsh.

Father McShane, the later missionary, entered St. Joseph's College as a student on September 8, 1904. For five years he pursued his studies at this school; years that marked him an a model student because of diligence in studies and a love of spiritual things. His vocational guidance largely rested in the hands of his brother, Fr. John McShane, and, had it not been for this influence, the young aspirant to the priesthood would likely have followed the lead of one of his intimate fellow students; a lead

that would have made him a member of the Trappists at Gethsemane, Kentucky.

After completing his studies with great honors at St. Joseph's, Father Daniel McShane, then in pursuit of his studies, went to the seminary of St. Sulpice in Baltimore, Maryland. It was at this seminary that he laid the foundation for his future career as missionary. It so happened that at the time, Father Price gave a series of lectures on Chinese missions. Upon attending these lectures, Father Daniel McShane felt himself inspired with a great desire to enter the field of foreign missionary labor. Of Father Price's lectures he later said, "Every word of that Christlike man burned deeply into my soul."

Having decided to become a missionary in foreign parts of the world, Father Daniel McShane, still in his student days, prepared to enter the seminary for Foreign Missions at Maryknoll, New York. He applied himself diligently to all the tasks that would aid him in becoming a good missionary, and on November 4, 1909, the happiest day of his life arrived, the day of his ordination to the priesthood. He was ordained in St. Patrick's cathedral, New York, as the first priest who had finished his course at Maryknoll Seminary.

For five years following his ordination, Father Daniel McShane remained in America. Then in 1919, he sailed for China and the Foreign Missions. Late in October of that year he arrived in China, and for some time acted as assistant to Father Bernard Meyer at Tungchen. Very soon he was appointed pastor at Loting, Province of Kwangtung, where there was hardly a semblance of a mission. Here he worked industriously at every kind of labor required to

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build up the mission, until his bodily strength was much spent by privation and toil. His life came to an untimely close through a severe case of smallpox on June 4, 1927.

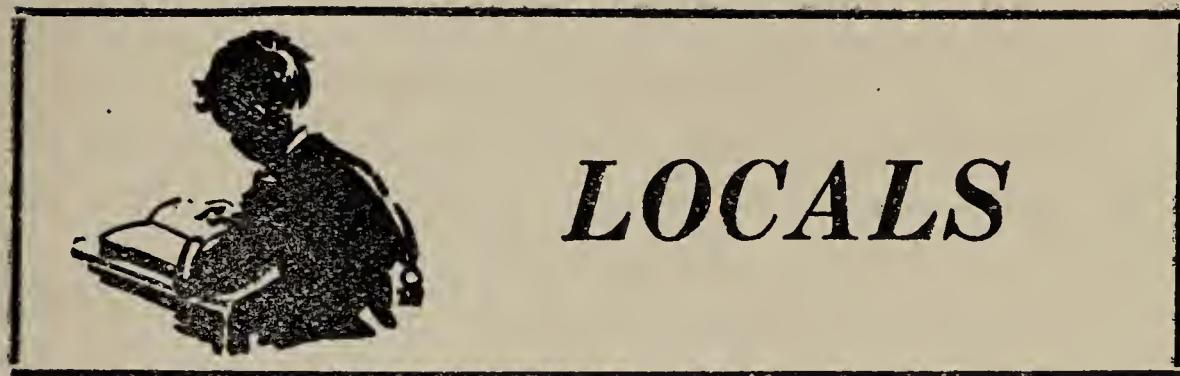
The memory of Father Daniel McShane should prove to be a source of true pride for all the alumni of St. Joseph's, for it is this school that came to be the Alma Mater for so distinguished a missionary in the early years of his studies.

During the past month Rev. Francis Fate, who has been assistant pastor at St. Peter's parish, Mansfield, Ohio, has been transferred to St. Mary's parish, Sandusky, Ohio. Father Fate, a graduate of '24, had endeared himself to everyone in the parish, thus making his transfer very much regretted by his many friends.

Rev. Joseph Inkrott, a graduate of '21, has resumed his duties as assistant at Mansfield, Ohio, after spending several weeks as a patient in a hospital. His condition is reported as very much improved.

The Fort Wayne News Sentinel is very fortunate in having Howard Steckbeck '31, as a member of its staff. While at St. Joe's Howard had the reputation of finishing any task he attempted, and his alertness will go a long way in making his journalistic career a success.

From behind the counters of Patterson and Fletchers Clothing Co., everyone is greeted with a genial smile from William "Bill" Koehn, a member of the class of '32. A smile was always the password with Bill while at St. Joe's. One thing is certain his employers need never fear a dissatisfied customer with pleasant Bill behind the counters.



LOCALS

STILL ANOTHER DAY

There in the dim past is some elusive, phantom-like image of what was once a vacation. Here in the grim present is a recollection of days that were, and are no more. As the rain falls to refresh the earth, so vacation comes and goes to make life more balanced, more pleasant, more perfect. And yet, who would care to have it rain all the time? Indeed, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but just as true is it that all play and no work makes no "jack". Life's joy consists in work, and all St. Joseph's realized and appreciated this fact, when, on January 9, those blessed with happy memories of gala days, returned to the old haunts of "plug and plug again" (not a machine gun this time). School was reopened on the following morning—Tuesday. Though spirits were low and ambition depleted, it was the determination behind the wheel that made the day among the many unforgotten, unforgettable days spent at St. Joseph's.

The COLLEGIAN extends its heart-felt condolence to Brother John Marling, C. PP. S., and Thomas McCrate at the death of their beloved fathers. R. I. P.

NEW MANAGERS

With the opening of the second semester, the management of the College Sweet Shop goes into the hands of a new partnership. Victor Boarman and John Zink, replacing Leon Ritter and Bernard Glick, promise to handle a complete line of sweets for the remainder of the year.

GRASS-PLAT IMPROVEMENT

During the few warm days occurring in the middle of January, the lawns above the terraces were receiving a thorough massage, plus a warm coating of natural fertilizer. The dry spell of two summers ago had played havoc with the tender grass, and in its stead sprang up a rank growth of weeds and a number of nameless, unsightly grasses. After a vigorous war on the weeds had ended, the ground was left destitute of both weeds and grass. Last summer, however, the grass was revived, and with the special care it is receiving now, the terrace lawns are expected to be beautiful "par excellence" this coming spring.

CATASTROPHIC INDEED

January 24 nearly proved to be a disastrous day. When the "farm gang" reported for work at the apple cellar in the old power house, they found the whole room densely packed with gray smoke. A hasty investigation proved that a heap of moist gunny sacks had been enkindled by spontaneous combustion. Though the fire was speedily extinguished, the thought still lingered that the consequences could have been serious, had the "gang" not arrived at this opportune moment.

APOLOGIES

THE COLLEGIAN staff wishes to apologize to Vincent Nels for the omission of his name from the list of those professed on December 8.

HOME SWEET HOME

The College is happy to see Father Henry Lucks, C. PP. S. back at his post after an absence of the greater part of the first semester. Already the choir shows very decidedly the result of his return, and the sixth Religion with the third English class will again be in his charge.

AMONG THE CELEBRITIES

The Seniors may not be able to produce Babe Ruths, Savoldies, or Stretch Murphys, but they may witness some more renowned and lasting products. Even now young Nicholas Lauber is a fair rival of Burbank. Many of Lauber's most inspirational moments are spent in the college tree nursery, south of the grotto. We are waiting, "Gummy", for a cross pollination of the pine and the apple tree.

Demosthenes has long had an established place among the celebrities, but will he hold it? When the day dwindle into the wee hours of the afternoon, "Rip" Riedlinger slips away from the crowd to the grove, there to exercise his vocal cords. Demosthenes used pebbles to facilitate his expression, and "Rip" is utilising the free air. If, perchance, one should hear tremendous vociferations in the near-by groves, just let him remember that it is Riedlinger mastering the unmastered in his attempt to outdo—Who? A heap of power to you, "Rip."

Last, and least, we have among us a prospective

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participant in the next Olympics. "Billy" Voors has his heart and soul in the task of acquiring a capacity for endurance walking. Anybody may see him pacing the walks with unyielding patience. He has already become very skilled, but success in his vocation requires the necessary equipment;—so to you, "Bill," longer legs and lighter feet.

THE REIGN OF MARS

Days of war and of peace are bound to dawn in every man's life. The latest clash of arms here at St. Joe's was the four days of semi-annual examinations. But as the sunshine follows the rain, in which Joe Lenk says he was soaked, the tests are over and will not again give trouble for several weeks. The results, however, remain, and of those who survived the great contest, some deserve particular notice.

Honor Roll

First Class: Thomas Etzkorn, 78 5-6; Harold Judy, 78.

Second Class: Thomas Seifert, 92 2-3; Raymond Huettner, 90 1-3; Henry Kenney, 89.

Third Class: Albert Ottenweller, 95 1-6; Denis Schmitt, 93 5-6; Joseph Smolar, 93; Ambrose Lengerich, 91 5-6; Frederic Ernst, 91 3-7.

Fourth Class: John Samis, 93 1-3; Donald Klaus, 93 1-4; Ambrose Heiman, 91 1-2; Edward Maziarz, 91 1-8; Anthony Suelzer, 90 6-7.

Fifth Class: William McKune, 96 2-7; Alfred Horrigan, 94 4-7; Joseph Allgeier, 94 3-7; Carl Vandagrift, 94 2-7; William Conces, 94 1-7.

Sixth Class: Frederick Koch, 95 3-4; Charles Robbins, 93 2-7; Thomas Danehy, 93 1-7; Bernard Glick, 93 1-7; Michael Vichuras, 93.

Basketball



MISHAWAKA FALLS BEFORE CARDINALS

In a rough and tumble affair which rivaled an ordinary football game in roughness, the St. Joe Cardinals overthrew the lanky Bavarians of St. Bavo's Mishawaka, 32-18. The game did not possess that cleverness and passwork which the score might indicate, since to the spectators all the floor work appeared to be haphazard.

The first half ended with the Cardinals out in front 14-9, but in the second half Capt. Danehy slipped in two consecutive crip shots which were soon rivaled by Rusty Scheidler's "swishers" from mid-floor, running his day's total up to twelve points. Danehy contributed five and Fontana six points to the Cardinals' total to put them far ahead of their opponents.

The St. Bavo squad, despite their defeat, played a somewhat clever brand of basketball, but could not cope with the speed of the Cardinals. Their outstanding performers were Rothy and Roelandt in the scoring and Caussemaker in the guarding.

Lineup and summary:

Cardinals (32)	B. F. P.	St. Bavo's (18)	B. F. P.
Danehy, f. -----	2 1 0	Rothy, f. -----	2 1 4
Hession, f. -----	0 0 0	Poppel, f. -----	1 0 0
Downey, f. -----	0 0 1	Caus'maker, f. -----	0 4 4

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McKune, f.	0	0	0	Hyvaert, c.	0	0	0
Fontana, c.	3	0	0	DeCocker, g.	0	1	2
Petit, c.	1	1	1	Van Loo, g.	0	0	0
Horrigan, g.	1	1	0	Leliaert, g.	0	0	1
Siefer, g.	1	1	0	Roelandt, f.	3	0	1
Scheidler, g.	5	2	2				
Karcher, g.	0	0	0				
<hr/>				<hr/>			
Totals	13	6	4	Totals	6	6	12

Official, J. Strole, (Rensselaer).

CARDINALS ROMP OVER KOKOMO

The St. Joe Cardinals presented Coach DeCook with their first win on a strange floor when they out-crafted a smart Kokomo Junior College quintet to win 40-23. The somewhat mediocre playing of the Juniors could not withstand the onslaught of the Red Bird attack and the first half ended with the locals out in front 15-9.

The Danehy-Hession-Scheidler combination rushed the game at the beginning of the second half to attain and hold a safe lead. Their lightning offense, together with the air tight defense of Fontana and Horrigan, put the game on ice as the Cardinals walked from the floor victorious 40-23.

While the Red Birds were playing smooth ball, the Kokomo quintet led by Reese and Freeman showed the local boys a few speedy plays. In the second half Reese was the only player of the opponents to garner a field goal. Scoring honors of the evening went to Scheidler and Reese.

Line-up and summary:

Cardinals (40)	B. F. P.	Kokomo (23)	B. F. P.
Danehy, f. -----3	0 0	Reese, f. -----4	4 0
Downey, f. -----0	0 0	Freeman, f. ----3	2 1
Hession, f. -----4	2 2	Thompson, c. ---0	1 0
McKune, f. -----0	0 0	Sander, g. -----0	2 0
Fontana, c. ----2	1 1	Schwenger, g. --0	0 2
Petit, c. -----1	0 0	Whitley, g. -----0	0 1
Scheidler, g. ----6	2 3		
Horriigan, g. ----1	1 3		
Karcher, g. -----0	0 1		
<hr/>			
Totals -----	17 6 10	Totals -----	7 9 4

Official, Beatty (Kokomo).

ST. JOHN FALLS AGAIN

The second foreign invasion in two weeks netted the St. Joe Cardinals their second out-of-town victory of the season, running their total to five wins and two defeats. Their fifth win came at the expense of a fighting St. John's five at Whiting, 28-22. It was the second meeting for the teams this season, the Red Birds having won the first, 37-22.

St. Joe jumped into the lead with a snappy basket by Danehy. By the deft passing and defense work of Hession and Fontana, the Cardinals held their own during the first half, but were forced to share a 11-11 tie at the intermission.

St. Joe netted the first points in the second half, but their rally was immediately stopped and they were on the short end, 21-18, at the end of the third period. At this point the Cardinals retaliated with a short rally and stubbornly swarmed onward to get into the lead 26-22. Although the lead changed hands

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almost continually during the fourth stanza, nevertheless, after the Cardinals had gained the lead they resorted to a conservative style of play. In the St. John line-up Ryan and Dancisak came through with the scoring honors, while Bubala and Dandrik ably kept the Red Birds from obtaining an advantageous lead.

Line-up and summary:

ST. JOE STOPS REMINGTON

Determined to get revenge for the defeat of their first encounter, the St. Joe Cardinals made a great rebuttal by handing the exceptionally flashy Remington High School quintet a sound drubbing to the tune of 25-11. Led by Scheidler, Danehy, and Fontana, the St. Joe boys started off by dropping baskets from all angles, and after obtaining their share of the points, held the visitors to a 17-6 score when the gun ended the first half.

In the second half, the Red Birds were not seriously threatened, but were at all times occupied in

keeping the Remington sharpshooters, especially one Nussbaum, well in check.

In the preliminary game, the Rensselaer Orioles eeked out a 32-30 victory over the St. Joe Reserves in an overtime affair that proved to be one of the best contests on the local floor this season. Outstanding performers were Beeler, Andres and White.

Line-up and summary:

Cardinals (25)	B. F. P.	Remington (11)	B. F. P.
Danehy, f. -----	2 0 0	Nussbaum, f. -----	2 4 0
Traser, f. -----	1 0 2	Bowman, f. -----	0 0 2
Manoski, f. -----	0 0 0	Knochel, f. -----	0 0 0
McKune, f. -----	1 0 0	Merritt, f. -----	0 1 1
Welch, f. -----	0 0 0	Hensler, c. -----	0 0 0
Fontana, c. -----	4 1 0	Barker, g. -----	0 0 0
Petit, c. -----	0 0 1	Wilson, g. -----	0 0 0
Scheidler, g. -----	3 2 1	Rowland, g. -----	1 0 1
Horrigan, g. -----	0 0 3	Clark, g. -----	0 0 0
Siefer, g. -----	0 0 0		
<hr/>			
Totals -----	11 3 7	Totals -----	3 5 4

Official, J. Strole (Rensselaer).

FIFTHS SMOTHER LOWLY THIRDS

After playing on practically even terms in the first half, a diminutive but fighting third year team was overcome in the second half by a bigger fifth year team and lost 27-16 in the first inter-class game of the year. The score at the first period was 12-8 with the Fifths leading. The first half was closely fought, but the Fifths seemed to score when points were needed, and in the second half their concerted drive came within five points of doubling the score on the Thirds. Scoring honors went to Henry

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Miller and Buttress of the Fifths, who garnered ten and eight points respectively, while O'Connor and Zimmerman upheld their team with a contribution of five points each.

FOURTHS DROP SIXTHS

The College Seniors fell before the onslaught of the High-School Seniors by a score of 27-13. Although there was little excitement, the contest was well played with the younger crew rallying at opportune times to stay well in the lead. The score at the half was 14-8 with the Fourths on the long end. In the closing minutes the college forwards banged at the basket but to no avail, and the contest ended with the Sixths trailing by fourteen points. Offensively, Lammers, Kostka, and Rinderley lead the Fourths with six, six, seven points respectively, while Leonard looked best for the Sixths with six.

THIRDS AND FIFTHS WIN

The Thirds, with little "Torchy" Ottenweller scoring the bulk of the points, passed, dribbled, and shot their way to their first victory by a 16-15 win over the Sixths. The game was fast and exciting throughout, and at no time during the fray did either team have a comfortable lead. The game was also dotted with some desperate defensive and offensive work, in which neither team seemed to have much of an advantage. The other prominent players besides Ottenweller were Vichuras and O'Conner for the Thirds, and Ritter and Leonard for the Sixths.



Humor

History Prof: "And do you know who defeated the Philistines?"

Volk: "Naw! I don't follow no scrub teams."

Ritter: "How did Joe carry on the business while I was away?"

Coach: "Oh! He carried on all right, but he forgot the business."

Huelsman: "Has college given you a passion for books?"

Bean: "Yes, checkbooks."



A rabbit's conception of the safest place is when Steiger is out hunting.

Who will agree that a pun is the lowest form of humor after reading this column.

HUMOR

Our own list of public enemies:

The boresome person who upon seeing your face covered with lather and razor in hand asks, "Shaving?"

The man in front of you who is continuously shifting his head in order that he might get a better view of the speaker.

That would-be-polite individual who holds the door open until you are ready to come in, and then releases it in your face.

Those destestible fellows who feign to fear the exams knowing all the while that their grades will be excellent.

Sudrovich: "What makes a star twinkle?"

Etzkorn: "A bad connection, I suppose."

Prof: "What three words do students use most?"

Elder (thoughtfully): "I don't know."

Prof: "Correct."



I see where "Chuck" Vichuras has started his golf season already, but then from all appearances he does need a little warming up.

Si Chology Says:

The quarterly exams, for many fellows, serve only as a straw vote to see what they will do in the conditionals.

Be careful what you want because you are liable to get it.

One often has to look twice before he decides whether "Tubby" Lenk is standing up or sitting down.

If your heart is on the right side it is on the wrong side, if it is on the left side it is on the right side.

If it is the little things that count in life, we don't expect much from Conces.

Hartlage: "What are you thinking about?"

Quinn: "Nothing! What did you think I was thinking about?"

Hartlage: "Nothing."

Missler: "I haven't even read the books I should lately."

Fullenkamp: "That's nothing, I haven't had time to read the one I shouldn't read."

"Down in front," shouted Sharp as his view was hindered at a basketball game. "Say," replied Bierberg, "I don't bend that way."

"A caterpillar eats one thousands times its own weight each year," stated the scientist.

"Whose boy did you say that was," asked the hard hearing old lady.

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"YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL"

FOX NEWS

SHORTS

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, March 1-2-3

Kate Smith in

"HELLO EVERYBODY"

NEWS

SHORTS

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, March 5-6-7

Edwin Robinson in

"THE SILVER DOLLAR"

FOX NEWS

SHORTS

